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DRAKE'S

Primary Volume of

POEMS

AND

ESSAYS

BY W. A. DRAKE,

MONTGOMERY, ALA.



MONTGOMERY, ALA. :

W. F. A. RED, PRINTER, 18 ROBINSON ST., 1893.

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W. A. DRAKE.
Montgomery, Ala

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THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

Dear friend : It is a pleasure, in deed,
To tell you about this book you read,
For it was written in a very short while,
On tablets with a pencil ; in rough style.

So as this is my first, please don't be
Discouraged by the mistakes, made by me,
In spelling; or writing, neither in measure,
For this is my first; read it with pleasure.

When you come to a mistake in the work,
Please think of a "Porter Clerk,"
Who has striven to do his best,
To do what he could, and to you leave the rest.

A grammar learning, I only possess,
And yet, I desire to make a success,
As a writer; and if you'll assist me,
Doubtless a poet some day I'll be.

In three months only, I did this work,
Serving all the while as a "Porter Clerk,"
And who can tell; what there may be,
A chance of making a poet of me.

Though, you will doubtless agree,
That such a chance, there may be,
And yet, if you will not say; go on,
I will be left to strive alone.

I know my work is nothing rare,
And with former writers it will not compare,

But let me say: my dear friend,
There is success for us, in the end.

I shall try always to do,
That which will encourage you,
As a people and as a race;
And my lines, I hope you'll trace.

Now in conclusion, let me say;
Dear christians, will you, for me pray?
While to do this work, I am trying,
Will you invoke a blessing upon me, divine?

AT HER COTTAGE DOOR.

I stood knocking at her cottage door,
Thinking o'er the times of the long a-go;
While the new year's wind blew to an fro,
With a feeling of care never felt be-fore,
I stood, gently knocking at her cottage door.

Soon a "happy new year's greeting,
For agan two friends were meeting;
And their hearts with friendship beating,
Beating, and throbbing as never be-fore,
Lovers' hearts beating at her cottage door.

It seemed like a dream, or a story of old,
'Twas new year's day, dreary and cold,
No friendship so sweetly, ever was told,
Told so sweetly, ever to adore;
Told with love, at her cottage door.

Conversing with her in evening attire;
 Enjoying the comfort of a winter's fire
 And soon the clock struck the hour of retire,
 Retiring with sympathy greater than be-fore;
 Greater than ever, at her cottage door.

Soon the parting words were spoken,
 Promises made never to be broken,
 Each word a sweet memorial token,
 Words of love, which were never before
 So sweet and impressive at her cottage door.

Here is my hand, ever to be true,
 Never again to turn away from you,
 Lovers as one— although we are two,
 Lovers for ever, yes for ever more,
 Such were the promises at her cottage door.

SEA OF OPPRESSION.

Oh ! when shall the tides, be still and calm,
 And the storm of oppression be o'er,
 When shall we sail pass this storm,
 To a far, and blissful shore?
 When shall our lives, be that of men?
 When shall this state of oppression end?
 Oh God! when shall we reach the shore;
 When oppression shall end ; to be no more?
 We are sorely oppressed on every side;
 Our hearts seems to quiver and fail,

While we are tossed by each wave and tide
As over this mad sea we sail.

But, ah ! some day, we'll reach the shore,
Where oppression shall cease for ever more,
For God will command the storm to cease,
And every nation to sail in peace.

Shall we but anchor here to perish?
While the tempèst rages high?

No, but let us every hope cherish,
'Till we can but fail and die.

Oh, God ! still the waves and tide,
And with thy divine power, the sailors guide
Oh, while we are on this stormy sea!
We can, but stretch our hands to thee.

Far in the distance, we see a light,
And the sea, at times seems calm,
And the future prospects seems bright.
Oh, God ! wilt thou not still the storm?

That we, in safety, may reach the shore,
Where oppression end to be no more.

For we are oppressed on every side,
Tossed we are, by every wave and tide.

A SCHOOL GIRLS LETTER.

Dear friend : its not any pleasure to me,
To write you such a letter at school,
And yet while I shall ever love thee;
The teacher says its against the rule.

Dear friend, I hope you will ever be true,
And never for get I am your friend :

For I shall continue my love for you
From now until life shall end.

Darling, be very careful now,
How you meet me on the way,
For the teacher knows exactly how,
You've met me every day.

When you come in the afternoon,
To take me home from school,
Please don't come so very soon,
For love, you know our rule.

The teacher got on the racket to day,
How we stand at mother's gate,
And she scolds me about it in dismay,
More than to you, I'll state.

Darling, I am indeed sorry to say ; —
That the teacher has made it a rule,
Not to allow girls in any way,
With boys, correspond while at school.

THE FARMER.

In the early spring he goeth forth,
And makes ready and plows his field,
And is daily laboring, that his farm,
May an abundant harvest yeild.

With great care he tills the soil,
 After clearing away all brush and weeds,
 And is daily in his field,
 Making ready to plant his seeds.

He labors all of the week;
 And it is generally the farmer's rule ;
 To have his children each sabbath day,
 To attend the sabbath school.

A lovely sight is the farmer's home,
 Surrounded by shrubs and flowers,
 And its very pleasant to visit a farm
 Amid the long summer hours.

The farmer labors very hard,
 Though 'mid all his labor and strife,
 And it is true ; that the farmer lives,
 A most endependent life.

For no master has he over him,
 To see that his work is first class.
 And the only "boss" the farmer has,
 Is the rapid growing weeds and grass.

BY THE BROOK.

Bathing in the summer sunshine,
 Watching the little brooklets flow,
 As over the pebbles, the crystal water pours
 And the sun-beams brightly glow.

The lovely summer's balmy breeze,
Swept over the shrubs and flowers,
I stood and praised the power divine,
Which made this world of ours.

The arched sky was clear and blue,
And no cloud at all was seen ;
To float across this heavenly world ;
While earth was decorated with green.

I stood by the brook, all day,
Watching the little flowing stream,
And all of the lovely flowers grow ;
It seems to me like a dream.

The grass which hung over the banks,
Of this little brooklet so green,
Until it was a lovely sight,
And a beautiful brooklet screen.

Oh! how I loved to go each day,
And fish from morn till night,
On this lovely little stream,
Where the sun shone lovely and bright.

The shade trees which were very tall,
And it was very cool beneath their boughs,
Where I'd place myself to fish,
Among the long grass and flowers.

And Oh! how grand it was to see,
The evening sun going down,

Behind the far off western hills,
As homeward, I would be bound.

But, Oh! what a day I'd joyfully spent,
In every corner, field and nook,
Looking for the best place to fish,
On this little crystal brook.

Tramplng, tramplng up and down,
With a bunch of fish and flowers,
On my way back, to the little farm home,
In the lovely summer, evening hours.

And there I would gladly tell to all,
My fishing frolic of the day,
And would pull off my fishing suit,
And carefully put it away.

Oh! if that little brooklet could talk,
It would surely speak of me,
For to it I would go every day,
And sit, under my favorite tree.

For there was an old oak tree,
Very full of branches and leaves,
And a great large root like a chair,
Where I would make ready, and role up
my sleeves.

For soon into the water I'd go,
Wading and gathering from the deep,
All kinds of little beautiful pebbles,
And to prevent my self going a sleep.

But, Oh! the lovely flowers and grass,
 Would attract many eyes,
 But from the brooklet let us pass,
 And I'll tell you more bye and bye.

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

Oh! My companions of my former days;
 I love you still, but I do not love your ways,
 Let not your ways be of sin,
 Seek the lord young sinner men,
 Trust in him for he is all,
 Trust the lord what'er be-fall.

I am not ashamed to own my Lord,
 And tell his glorious blessings abroad,
 And to you, his word of life reveal,
 Work for the Lord with love and zeal,
 Trying his holy word to impart,
 Loving my master with all of my heart.

Young man learn always to pray,
 Trying always, his holy will obey,
 Work for him who died for you,
 Be to him a christian true,
 Who died in great agony and pain,
 Will you not his glory and honor sustain ?

Ever let prayer be your safe guard,
 When trouble comes and crosses hard,
 Remember that the Lord, will ever hear,

Those who live in his love and fear,
 Christians, take my humble advice,
 Never participate in evil and vice.

YOURS ALWAYS.

Yours always, dear loving and true ;
 Never in life, will I forsake you,
 My friend, I shall ever try to impart,
 Those loving traits of a true sweet-heart,
 When all of earth, to me seems drear,
 I feel a fresh, to think of you, my dear,
 And my love, I shall ever be,
 A lover true and affectionate to thee.

Yours always, a friend, loving and kind,
 Darling, as a lover I shall ever be thine,
 You, my love I shall never forsake,
 But I shall ever try, a true friend, to make,
 A glowing love, for you dear friend,
 A love, dear one, that'll never end,
 And shall ever be love divine,
 For darling I shall ever be thine.

Yours always, darling I shall be,
 Ever a lover and a true friend to thee,
 Though its true our love 'ill grow old ;
 But, darling, our love shall never grow cold,
 With love let our hearts in twine;
 And darling, will you always be mine?
 That my life, may continue to glow,
 With the splendor of love for evermore .

Yours always, my dearest friend,
 For thee my love shall never end,
 For my love for thee, is love sublime,
 To thee, my sympathy and love incline,
 And darling, I shall ever prove to be
 A true lover and a friend to thee,
 For dear, I love you with all my heart,
 And from thee, my friend I'll never part.

Yours always, darling, day by day,
 My love shall brighten to never fade away,
 For the love I possess for you.
 Is a blooming rose of the loveliest hue,
 Thou art, my friend, ever to be,
 Dearer than all of this world to me,
 And when my days work is done,
 While napping I dream of my loved one.

Yours always, as through life we go;
 To-morrow will dawn on love's blissful shore
 Where the rays of love, shall ever beam,
 And love is real and never a dream,
 Yours always, dear sweet-heart,
 And the sweetest traits of love I'll impart,
 As a friend, I shall ever be,
 True and affectionate, dear love, to thee.

A CUSHION SEAT LIBRARY.

There was a driver in our town,
 Who daily carried with him

Books and papers on his round,
And at his leisure he would read them.

This driver was very anxious to learn,
Who was too poor to go to school.

For his support, he had to earn,
So he made daily reading a rule.

He carried his literature very neat,
And tidely rapped and placed away,
Under the wagon's cushion seat,
And would read them during his leisure time
each day.

He read and studied very hard each day,
And would go to school at night,
And a great deal, he learned by this way,
For at school, each study he'd recite.

He kept under the cushion, day by day,
A nice supply of choice literature,
Carefully and neatly placed away,
And this was a rare thing for a driver to do.

He would always prize his books,
Above every thing else he possessed,
And under the cushion and in little nooks,
He kept them with much success.

Some times when he would be
Trying to read while driving along the street,
He would seem to be very happy to me

To make a grand success of the "A.C. of M"

Let every member lady or gent,
 Feel that their time will be usefully spent
 By trying to do a great deal to give vent,
 For the interest and pleasure of all of them
 Who are members of the "A. C. of M."

In sociality let us try and lead,
 And keep on hand, good books to read,
 Ever walking in the law, upon which we've a
 greed.
 Always trying to obey them,
 And by this way be true to the "A.C.of M."

When you feel that you can't keep the law,
 You can easily from it with draw,
 For it is a club and not a flaw,
 And when you do not agree with them,
 It's best you'd with draw from the "A. C' of
 M."

We have in it some girls sweet to behold,
 But I am only telling, what I've been told,
 None too young nor any too old,
 And a boy told me, it was pleasing to him,
 To have the honor of being an "A. C' of M."

It makes me feel like a "gent of style,"
 When in the club room girls can smile

Because I can enjoy the meeting all the while,
By getting a chance of whispering to them,
While in the club room of the "A. C. of M."

But boys don't forget you'll be fined,
If the president, catch you trying,
To speak to that girl, over there behind,
For there is nothing more displeasing to him,
For you to be whispering, to girls in the
"A. C. of M"

The president is very kind to the boys,
But he does not like for them to make a noise,
Though he is willing, to add to their joys,
Every thing, that'll be, enjoyable to them,
While they are members of the "A. C. of M."

The laws, will elevate your mind,
So I hope you'll try and incline,
Your thought on the law, and its fined,
For every statue of the law, is a little gem,
To every member, of the "A. C. of M."

And let me in conclusion say,
God bless you all, on your way,
To that blissfull, future day,
And I trust, he will be with them,
Who are members, of the "A. C. of M."

I WISH I WERE A POET.

I wish I were a poet, indeed,

I would write a volume so grand,
 That all of the world would gladly read,
 My writings, of the heaven and land.

I would write concerning the moon,
 As we see it gradually going down,
 I would write such thrilling poetry, 'till soon,
 It would be world renown.

I would write all about the stars above,
 And how they brilliantly glow,
 I would write all about lovers and love,
 More than any poet e'er wrote before.

I would write about the pyramids grand,
 And of those great things far away,
 In that far off eastern land,
 A thrilling poem I would write every day.

I would write poems never heard of before,
 On subjects that would startle the world.
 I would write about the rain and snow,
 And about every beautiful girl.

My writing would be read every where
 The heavenly sun does shine,
 For my poetry would be so rare,
 So beautiful and so sublime.

The people of every part of the land,
 Would be looking for me indeed,
 To get the chance of kissing my hand,

And my writing, the world would heed.

I would write all about Jubiter and Mars,
And all those planets so high.

I would write concerning all of the stars,
Which dwell up in the sky.

My writing would win the favor of all
The people in the land,

It would be read by both great and small,
Who would be longing to kiss my hand.

Why! I would write poetry which you
Would read with passionate tears!

I would give the world a lovely view,
Of poetical experienced years.

I would never think of failing,
When I'd begin to write a rhyme,
For if there be no failures prevailing,
It would be no use of trying.

For if I try I can but fail,
Like other men have done,
Though at times they could nothing avail,
Yet in the last, they've won.

Great as a poet, indeed I'd be,
I would write of trouble and joy;

I would write that all the world might see
What could be done by a boy.

I wish, I were a poet indeed,

For I possess talents rare ;
 And with pleasure this world would read
 My poems every where.

I will be a poet before I die,
 And leave this world of woe,
 For, very hard, each day I try
 To write a line or more.

A SON'S PLEDGE.

Dear mother I have strayed away
 From the path of thy guidance and care;
 But I shall make a pledge this day,
 O, help me to make it, dear mother, in
 prayer.

Temptations surrounded me,
 And led me away from thy love ;
 But, to-day I return to thee,
 In the name of the divine above.

Oh God ! I fall before thy throne,
 To pledge thee my heart in prayer,
 For thy great devine power alone,
 Can restore me to thy loving care.

Oh let the glass of tempting wine,
 Be casted away from me !

And take me in thy arms divine,
 And draw me nearer to thee.

Oh, lead me from that midnight grave
 Which is found in the whiskey bar-room :
 And help me to trust in thy name
 And save me from the gambler and drunkard's
 doom.

I pledge thee Lord to drink no more
 Intoxicating liquors, wine nor beer ;
 But Lord I pray that I shall ever grow
 In thy divine love and fear.

Oh, God ! I pledge thee my heart
 That my will be lost in thine,
 Thy love to me dear Lord impart,
 And guide me by thy power divine.

NO NEED TO COMPLAIN.

I have no need to complain,
 While my Saviour is near my side :
 For he will wash away my sinful stain
 And will be my daily guide.

When every thing seems dark and dreary
 And life is but a sad dream ;
 Yet I have no need to complain and worry
 While the Saviour's love, around me beams.

I know that there are troubles here
 In this world of sin and woe;
 But why should I doubt and fear
 While the Saviour loves me so?

The Saviour loved me long before
 Into this sinful world I came.

And blessed me for evermore
 In his holy father's name.

I have no need to complain,
 As the Saviour has died for me.

He suffered great agony and pain
 Of the cross on Mount Calvary.

When troubles are along my way,
 I can but before my Saviour bow;
 And there is no prayer I can pray,
 Save I need thee every hour.

There is no need to complain
 While Jesus loves us so,
 And will wash away our sinful stain,
 And make us white as snow.

THE JOLLY FIVE.

Over the hills, and little rills;
 We will all take a ride.

Now sit still the surry we'll fill,
 Young ladies get in by my side.

Over the brooks, and little nooks,
 Homeward we merrily go,

Talking of books, and funny cooks
 'Till we reach the cottage door.

Upon a driver who was so kind ;
 But I must alude with much gratitude
 That the drive was very fine.

'Twas a lovely night the moon shone
bright,
 And we all enjoyed the drive:
 With much delight 'twas a splendid sight
 To see the jolly five.

MY FIRST LOVE LETTER.

My first love letter was indeed,
 Very loving and sweet to me,
 Over and over I would carefully read,
 As line after line would be,
 The sweetest promises ever to be true,
 And all such words of a friend,
 Who seemed to me had in view,
 Love for me without an end.

Oh, how I would pleasantly smile!
 When I read those precious lines,
 As I would pause a little while,
 To think of a lover so kind,
 Who promised me ever to be true,
 As a dear loving sweethart,
 And said she would willingly woo,
 And from me she would never part.

Now my love letters had begun,

To flow like a little brook,
 And quickly I would open each one,
 For I would be anxious to look,
 And see what it would contain,
 For I would imagine 'twas indeed,
 Something that was to retain,
 Our love which I was glad to read.

Oh, how loving she would call me,
 Her only darling boy!

And how she would say I love thee,
 Gave me a great deal of joy.

I love thee and thee alone;
 She would repeat o'er and o'er,

But do not come when papa is at home,
 If you do our love will be no more.

I am quite young yet she said,
 In her first love letter to me,

But I some what nodded my head,
 And wondered that her father would be,

Indeed very angry to know,
 That I had ever wrote,

To the darling little girl before,
 Who was so anxious to get a note,

My first letter was carefully read,
 And then laid away,

And so refreshing was what she said,
 I would read it day after day,

For it was my first, so dear,
 It was indeed to me,

That its contents I would bear,
Ever fresh in memory.

BECAUSE I WAS BLACK.

I went to the station the other day,
In a very grand and stylish way,
As I rode down in a very fine hack,
I was ridiculed because I was "black."

I called for a ticket for a first class ride,
But to me, this, the agent denied,
And very readily, informed me of the fact,
That it was not lawful because I was "black."

I boarded a comfortable car,
For the "jim-crow," I do abhor.
But soon the conductor ordered me back
To the "jim-crow" because I was "black."

I "kicked" at first and would not go,
And I asked of him why so?
And he told me it was a lawful act,
That I should obey; because I was black."

I did not deem it justice to me;
And why it was could not really see;
The reason why I should go back,
But I had it to do, because I was black.

I went back and quietly sat down,
But there was not much comfort to be found,

And I thought it a very mean act
To be treated thus because I was "black."

And when I arrived at my destination
I entered a lunch room at the station;
And placed my hat upon the rack;
But it was taken down because I was "black."

"My stars" I cried in much dismay,
"I wonder why I am treated this way"
But soon I was informed of the fact
That I was treated so, because I was "black."

I called a boy to shine my shoes
While I stood reading the news,
And the waiter ask me if I knew the fact,
That I could not get a lunch, because I
was "black."

Well I tell you, it was very hard for me,
And why so, you can plainly see,
That all the world wanted me to stand back,
Simply because I was "black."

"God bless this cruel world" I said,
And put my hat upon my head,
And took a first class hack
And went with my race because I was "black."

THINK OF ME IN YOUR PRAYER:

While I wonder all alone,

In this world of sin and care,
 When you draw near mercy's throne,
 Think of me in your prayer.

To be true and faithful,—how I try,
 While troubles are every where,
 When you to the Saviour draweth nigh
 Think of me in your prayer.

When to church on Sunday I go,
 And it seems that no pleasure is there,
 I think of my soul while bowing low,
 Oh! think of me in your prayer.

Dear to me, are the thoughts of life,
 When I can feel a Saviour's care;
 And I am cheered in my strife,
 When you think of me in your prayer.

When temptations surround my heart,
 And crosses are numerous and hard to bear,
 No thought to me more love impart,
 Than for you to think of me in your prayer.

While my mind seems to wonder away
 Up in the emmense space of air;
 While duty demands my attention each day.
 Think of me in your prayer.

When into your chamber morn and night
 You silently kneel there,
 To pray the guidance of a divine light,
 Think of me in your prayer.

Oh, loved one ! kind and true,
 Thou art so beautiful and fair ;
 Let me dear one entreat you
 To think of me in your prayer.

For each morning, I know you pray
 For a Saviour's love and care;
 And that you may learn His word,
 So think of me in your prayer.

In my daily work of toil and strife,
 And hardships are generally my fare;
 While I am trying to live a christian life,
 Think of me in your prayer.

“ Oh, how great is the power !
 We can find it,—not else where,
 Than in the pleading of every hour
 To our God in secret prayer.

When all of life is dreary, it seems
 There is a fold of care ;
 Though it is felt as in a dream,
 When you think of me in your prayer.

As the time steadily rolleth by
 And yet I standeth in despair;
 Oh, friend ! dear friend, to thee I cry,
 Think of me in your prayer.

MOTHER'S BOY.

Oh, mother ! where is the shoe brush?

It is time that I was gone

And I expect sister has put it away
I wish she would leave it alone.

And now, the school bell is ringing
And I will have to go

Without any tie or scarf to wear,
And sister has on my beau.

Mother, do you know where my hat,
Or my school-bag could be?

It seems that all I possess,
Is a world of trouble to me.

Oh, mother! you say that the comb is on
the dresser ;
But I cant find it there,—

Oh, yes! now I have got it mother,
And will you please brush my hair?

Mother, where is my pencil?
And have you seen that old tablet of mine?

The second bell is now ringing
And my things are so hard to find.

And my lessons are so very hard,
Especially that old arithmetic rule,
And I've no time to study it now
For it is late and I must go to school.

I am ready to go to school now,
And please come and kiss me,

I will put all of my things away to-day
And a better boy I will try to be.

“Be a good boy at school, my son,”
 Yes, dear mother ! I will try ;
 “Now off to school, dear son, be gone,
 Here kiss me dear boy good-bye.

And to school I am just in time,
 To fall in the ready formed line,
 To march with the other scholars,
 While the bell is ringing for nine.

A SERENADE AT MID-NIGHT.

Oh, how sweet the music rang !
 And the voices of some friends that sang
 At my door.

It was mid-night calm and pleasant,
 And they sang sweeter at my resident
 Than ever before.

Having retired to my bed room alone,
 Where the lamp light dimly shone,
 And which made,

Every thing look lone and desolate,
 While there was sweet music at the gate,
 Of a serenade.

As they would that sweet music play,
 It carried all my sad feelings away,
 And how sweet,

Every tune, which they played to me,
 And a dream it seemed to be,
 This pleasant treat.

Oh, how I loved to hear them sing !
 And the musical voice ring,
 Of each boy,

As they sang at mid-night calm,
 When I was a boy, "down on the farm,"
 Gave me joy.

Oh, what pleasure it rendered me !
 While standing near a little tree,
 By the door,

While sweet music was ringing,
 As those serenaders were singing,
 Songs of yore.

Oh ! how dreary, when they had gone,
 For I was left all alone,
 There to stay,

And I wished that it could be,
 So that they could of remained with me,
 'Til the break of day.

PATIENTLY WAIT, YOUR TIME'ILL
 COME.

Boys, I would not go far away

From a home and parents kind.

You'll be sorry for it some day,
When no pleasure from home you can find.

So patiently wait, your time'll come,
And you will be old enough to leave home.

Boys, to leave a home so dear,
A mother so kind and true.

To go out in the world, I fear
May cause grief and pain to you.

So patiently wait, your time'll come,
And you will know how to live from home.

Oh, do not leave your mothers side!
To go out in a world of woe;

Far away from home you have no guide,
From evil temptations and foe,

So patiently wait, your time'll come,
when you can guide your self from home.

The boy that goes off to find
A fortune to call his own,
I would have him bear in mind
That the best, he will find is at home.

So patiently wait, your time'll come,
And a fortune you will have at home.



MY FATHER WAS A DRUNKARD.

Once upon a cold and dreary night,
My dear mother passed away,

To her heavenly home, so bright,
And there with angels she dwells to day.

Oh, how I remember her tender voice !
Calling us to her dying bed side,
And the good advices she gave her boys,
The sad hour before she died.

Oh, dear boys! never in thy fath'rs path tread,
For to-day he is a slave to drink,
Remember my advice on a dieing bed,
And pray for your father who is on eternity's
brink.

God will bless you, day by day,
If you will keep his holy command,
Promise mother dear ones ever to pray,
Make mother this promise and give her
your hand.

O God! I pray thee to bless these three,
Poor little children of mine,
Lead them through life as it pleases Thee,
For Lord, all power is thine.

And the passionate tears from my eyes,
Were like a little flowing stream,
And my sad greif I could scarcely realize,
And I wished it only a dream.

Quiet and cold, dear mother laid,
And drew her last life's breath,
As her three little ones stood by her side,
She passed through the shadow of death.

After our dear mother was dead,
 Father continued to drink as before,
 And a wicked drunkard's life he lead,
 While poverty over shadowed our door.

We were three children indeed too small,
 To earn our clothing and bread,
 But God provided for us after all,
 'Though father was a drunkard and mother
 dead.

And father continued to drink,
 Spending his time at the bar room,
 Standing on the eternal brink,
 Of a dark and dismal doom.

O God ! to-day I would pray,
 For those whose father loves wine,
 For drinking will lead him astray,
 Into sufferage, evils, temptations and crime.

We are daily witnesses of the vice,
 Which drinking whiskey originate,
 And I shall follow dear mothers advice,
 That drinking, be not my fate.

Oh, my God ! how sad when they said,
 "There is your father at the gate,
 Some friends are bringing him dead,
 For he, has met a drunkard's fate.

O young men ! experience has told me,
 A story of pain, grief and woe,

And let me to-day kindly entreat thee,
Never go within a BAR ROOM DOOR.

My father was a sober man one day,
Young and happy like you,
But, Oh! the first drink led him a stray,
Young man, of you let not this be true.

TO DAY I'M TWENTY ONE.

All of my boyish sports are over
And my man-hood days've begun.
No more as a boy over town to rover,
For to-day I'm twenty-one.

Oft in the old field, I've played ball,
In the brilliant summer sun,
But such sport no more at all
Will I play, for to-day I'm twenty-one.

Now the end, of all my boyish plays
And sports to me, has come,
And I must begin manly ways
For to-day I'm twenty-one.

My father gave me, my share of the stuff,
And said to me, "my son;
You will find the world very rough,
But, remember you are twenty one."

Now what, pleasure there is for me,
With the money I'll have some fun,

But soon I thought, this could not be.
For to day I'm twenty one.

I can take a part in politics and vote,
And for a political office run,
And our party's, cause promote,
For to day I'm twenty one.

ACQUANTANCE AFTER DEATH.

The traits of character a man possess,
We will never know; more or less,
Until the man is dead.

And so, the life man lives to day;
You'll never know, 'till he passes away,
From the life he has led,

So let us look well to the life we live,
That the eulogy be good they give,
Of us when we are dead,

And over our grave they may write,
On a tomb stone pure and bright,
At our head.

The life of a man is never told,
Until in death, he sleepeth cold,
And life is no more.

And then his lifes history is imparted,

For the man has, from earth departed,
To return no more.

Let our lives be great or small,
Or not very prominent after all,
Who will know?

Until we are dead and gone,
To our last eternal home,
For ever more.

Oh, that our lives may be
Upright! that the world may see,
How we try

To be true to our earthly trust,
That the eulogy the world gives of us,
Be good when we die.

When life on earth is no more,
And we land on the eternal shore.
There to stay.

Then the story of our life they'll tell,
While in an other world we dwell,
Far away.

So when man's earthly life is o'er,
And he lives to die no more,
In a world beyond the skies,

Then his life, whether great or small,
Will be made known to all,
When he dies.

ON THE CORNER.

Oh ! what can we do, but earnestly pray,
 For the man and boy who day by day,
 Stand on the corner in idle joy ?
 Oh ! what can we do for such man or boy ?

Ah, the corner is such a bad place !
 For it leads many a good boy into disgrace ;
 It leads him into vice and crime.
 Ah, it leads a good boy from parents kind !

A father who thus spends his life,
 Is a very bad leader for his children and wife,
 Oh ! let us pray for the day to come,
 When all such fathers will stay at home.

Oh, how they stand around and drink !
 And never once pause to think,
 Of the pain, grief and woe,
 Which will soon over shadow their door.

Oh, let us pray for such fathers and sons,
 Oh, let us pray for the wandering ones !
 That they may not farther delay,
 But turn again to the righteous way.

AN EASTERN TRAVEL—OUR VISIT
 TO ROME.

We visited Saint Peter's church at Rome,
 A great building with its grandures aloft,

Within it stood Saint Peter's statue in bronze
With toes which the Catholics 've nearly kissed
off.

And the thirty pain windows painted grand,
Was the beautifullest sight I'd ever seen,
The pictures were Mosaic,—of the eastern
land,
Which presented a magnificent scene.

I only wished,— indeed it could be
That all of my friends at home,
Could come across the waters and see
The wonderful things of the great city, Rome.

The wonders of Rome, dear friends, indeed,
Would be impossible for me to explain to
you,
And this little book which I hope you'll read
Gives only a little account of a few.

II
OUR VISIT TO EGYPT.

I
ALEXANDRIA.

Off for Egypt from the city Brendisi,
We left the European people and shore.
The voyage was rough, and the party and I,
Were bewildered by a terrific storm which
rose.

We arrived at Alexandria during a quar-
 antine,
 For from Venice, our steamer had sailed,
 And after two days we were counted and
 clean,
 From the cholera of which, in Venice pre-
 vailed.

We visited the palace, the Khedive's home,
 The buildings were large and plain,
 And the Khedive's harem, which alone
 Constitutes, his many wives domain.

For like all eastern princes he possess
 Many wives, and the natives told me
 Yet with all their religion, nevertheless
 They say it's right that such should be.

Here I first saw a mosque with it's beau-
 tiful minarets,
 A tower where the priest goes thrice a-day
 To call to-gether the people who never
 for-gets
 Nor refuse to respond and, in their manner
 pray.

And oft did this scene make me feel
 ashamed,
 When I would think of me, a christian boy,
 Claiming to love our Saviour's name,
 Forgetting to pray, for sight-seeing and joy.

On our departure the natives yelled and
cried
Backshih! Backshish! mean a gift of a coin
And we gave them a little and they were
satisfied,
And then in peace we could continue going.

Soon we were safely in a railway train
And we saw many wonders, as I'd never
before,
Rode over that vast Egyptian plain
In cars speeding fast, our way to Cairo.

III

THE PYRAMIDS.

They are built of fine marble stone
Peaking up towards the heavenly sky,
And each one marks some kings tomb
And are more than a hundred feet high.

Oh, think of a structure of marble so grand
Which taken three hundred thousand men to
build;
Who were the best stone-masons in the land
Using their best arts and skill.

Oh, what wonders the pyramids are!
For they were built of fine marble stone;
Which were more than a hundred feet
square,
And one weighing several hundred pounds
alone.

Dear to memory is every hour,
We spent in this East India land.

Oh, how I long once more again,
To visit this land of spices and floral!
And to traverse the coast and main land,
And to visit those lovely Islands of Coral.

V.

THE TAZ OR HINDOO TEMPLE.

Oh, the Hindoo temple, how grand!
With its beautiful minarets and towers,
The greatest building in all of the land,
With walls, imposing designs of mosaic flowers

The tomb of which this wall enclose
Is most beautiful to behold

With gems and gold enlaiden doors,
Was built for a memorandum, we are told.

King Siham, more than two hundred years
ago
Made a promise to his loving wife,
This house of admiration he'd build
To commemorate her love, during life.

And soon after-wards she quietly passed
away
To her last eternal home,
And Siham built the temple, which to-day
Glow with splendor, over his and his wife's
tomb.

Oh! how the echoes sweetly ring
 As they with melody fall,
 When the Korans musically sing
 Within those sacred walls.

And, oh ! how sweet were the songs we
sang,
 Within those walls, so grand,
 Our voice in that temple rang
 Like spirits echoing, to an angel band.

The grandeur I can not, to you impart
 Of the Taz, the hindoos' temple of blest.

So I have only told you a part,
 And you can imagine the rest.

A PARTING KISS.

For many years we may've been friends,
 Yet there is a time when every thing ends,
 And the hearts that together did beat
 Some day will be severed apart complete.
 For I, this day, can well remember,
 It was in the month,—September,
 While I lived a life of bliss,
 But soon to take a parting kiss.

From mother and home far away,
 And, Oh ! how I remember the very day,
 I leaned upon dear mothers arm
 And bid her good-bye down on the farm.

I left to go to a little town,
 Where work of industry could be found,
 And soon her loving voice to miss
 After her kind words and a parting kiss.

Oh! when I remember the scene of joy,
 When I was a very small boy,
 And what a comfort it was to me,
 To lean on my dear mother's knee.

But those days have long since passed,
 And among other stories classed,
 And, Oh! how that time differs from this,
 For it was hard to take a parting kiss.

But now a days the boys go away,
 From home, with much ease every day,
 Leaving their parents' eyes filled with tears
 Yet from home, they will stay for years,
 And they will play truant at school
 Breaking their parent and teacher's rule,
 But many a boy who does this
 Leaves his mother each day with a parting
 kiss.

Such boys are not manly at all,
 And sooner or later will get their fall,
 For any boy who will thus deceive,
 Will his portion of misery receive,
 And some day he will need regret,
 That all he possess and could get,
 Could restore to him that love and bliss
 Which is told by a mother's parting kiss.

Oh, what is meant by a parting kiss !
Seems to me something like this :

We are making a promise on going away,
To ever do what is right the while we stay,
And if we should not meet any more
We bid each other farewell as we go,
'Though others may differ from this ,
Yet this is meant by a parting kiss.

A DRUNKARDS EXPERIENCE

As I drew near our little shanty door
I heard some one bitterly crying,
My wife and child lay on the floor
And my darling little baby was dying.

And my darling wife in despair
Bending over the dear baby's head,
While the thought I could scarcely bear,
To hear that the baby was dead.

How could I breathe another breath
On this cold and stormy night,
When a wife and child starved to death,
A wife so loving, and a child so bright.

Oh! how I thought of the days of my youth,
And a kind old mothers advice,
Never was I so impressed with the truth
Of staying out of evil and vice.

But a habit of drinking addicted of late
Had caused this pain and woe,

And had brought starvation in my gate
And poverty over-shadowed the door.

With my eyes filled with passionate tears
Trying to console a heart broken wife,

I often think of my former years;
And how I had wasted my life.

Oh ! what pains, grief and woe
Of drinking in my early life,

Poverty, and sadness, it brought to my door,
And shame to a darling little wife.

Oh! how my heart can leap with joy
When I think of my change in life,

'Though I lost my dear little boy
But I've restored comfort for my wife.

And now as bright as the stars above
A comfortable home is ours ;

And our hearts once more intwine with love,
As a garden of vines and flowers.

THE GROCERY PORTER.

He comes when rain is falling
And when the sky is bright,

He comes to the back door calling
With a merry cry "All Right."

He renders all good favours
 By constant being on time ;
 He never shrinks from his labors
 Nor always excuses find.

He is always mild and pleasant,
 Hardships he patiently bears;
 For "All Right" he cries constant,
 And bad weather he never fears.

Don't forget the Porter
 For he always tries to be kind,
 And keep the hour of your dinner
 Always present in mind .

The rain never delays him,
 The cold makes him go fast,
 The lightning may dart about him
 But he will cry out "All Right" to the last.

Each token of respect encourages him,
 And this you will surely pay,
 You have sympathy for him
 Who serves you every day.

A servant to the public the porter is so
 Ever to be on time;
 Never minding cold or snow
 Nor rain or sunshine.

A CLOSE ESCAPE.

They gathered about him and bound him fast

In the dark nightly mist of gloom,
 A man, though innocent he was,
 To meet a sad and fatal doom.

They led him, for miles away,
 Down in a low waste of land,
 Where they intended to end the life
 Of this poor and innocent man.

The prisoner looked very sad and pale,
 And with a loud wailing voice he cried :
 "I am not guilty of the accused crime,
 And will you let me, by the law be tried?"

The mob paid no attention to him,
 And seemed to be more filled with wrath,
 And they led him down into the woods
 Through a rough and narrow path.

The man followed, bound tight and fast
 His eyes were filled with passionate tears,
 And pleading to the mob to spare his life,
 Who from him had turned their ears.

But soon the man began to weep,
 For they were carrying him he knew not
 where,
 And he began to gaze up above them and
 pray
 And God heard and answered his prayer.

The man told the mob of men

That God would some day punish them,
For he was innocent of the crime
For which they were to lynch him.

But this cruel mob led him on
To the place where he must die,
And soon a rope on his neck they placed
And bade him a scornful good-bye.

“Not so, my friends,” the man softly cried
“I shall soon be happy and free,
For God will take care of his people,
And I am innocent of what you accuse me.”

The mob were shocked by his words,
And indeed some of them were terrified,
And soon they conferred with each other
To let the innocent man be tried.

And so they took the ropes away
From the body and neck of the man,
But he was so faint, sore and weak,
Till on his feet he was unable to stand.

And they all quietly walked away ;
“We will leave him to die!” the mob leader
said,

And one of them returned the next day
To find the poor innocent man dead.

But not so; God had given to him strength,
That he might go on happy and free,

For God was with the innocent man,
 For if God be with us, no danger can be.

The man searched carefully far and near,
 In much surprise he looked everywhere,
 And soon he fell upon his knees and cried:
 "Surely it was God that heard his prayer."

The man whom the mob had released,
 Soon returned and told his sad story
 Of how he was dragged by this mob,
 Yet trusted his God, the God of glory.

The man began his story by saying,
 "It was a dark and cold winter's night,
 And they bound me fast with ropes
 And led me away, and I dared to try and
 fight."

"For great was the number of men,
 It seems to me it was a hundred or more.
 When I began to look around me,
 Standing outside of my door."

But he refuses to tell any more now,
 About how they cruelly treated him,
 But with much joy he tells us how
 God in his mercy saved him from them.

"A close escape," he often repeats,
 In a voice which is faint and low,
 "I was bound fast, hand and feet,
 But God released me I know."

BE HONEST IN ALL THINGS.

Oh, how often a great many people neglect this important fact! how often we come in contact with such persons; and, yet, we do not try and make it a point to inform them of the fact, that unless they are honest in their dealings, there will be no success for them.

Let us for an instant carefully notice some little transactions of which we seldom dream of, and doubtless when they come to mind we say, Oh, well, that doesn't amount to anything! But let us see, now, whether it does or not.

First, let us take debts of about fifty cents and less, and we know that the contracting of such little sums is a very small matter; but in principle and honesty they are very large and important matters.

Oh! how often we hear some people use this expression; "It doesn't matter if I do not pay that man, he is rich, he will never miss this little sum, so it doesn't matter whether I pay him or not."

But do you know that this is wrong? do you know it is stealing to obtain goods on the promise of paying for them and then fail to pay for them? Do you know that God will hold you responsible for such deeds of dishonesty?

But let us come to our selves and see if we can prosper by over-looking these little deeds of dishonesty. You owe the merchant a little bill and desire to obtain more goods from him, he will tell you that you must pay the sum you owe him before he can credit you any more.

Some one will ask, why doesn't he believe that he will get paid? But the merchant will say, if you are not honest in small matters surely you will not be in larger ones.

Oh! how many people there are to-day who can not obtain the favor of any merchant or business man? A man in business would reply "Thousands." How many people there are to-day who for the sake of a very small sum, will tell thousands of wilful lies? And the merchant will reply "Thousands."

Having been employed in a mercantile business since I was a very small boy, I have learned a fact which indeed makes me feel sad to relate, a fact which causes me very much pain to tell you of, a fact though so often overlooked, yet very important to be considered; a fact of which hundreds over-looks, and is destruction to thousands. And that is none other than the neglect of giving these small matters our attention. Pay all of your accounts, it matters not how small or insignif-

icant they are, remember that it is your duty to pay them.

Some people are very prompt in paying all of their debts, and yet are not honest. While we can not be perfect in honesty, let us at least be reliable and truthful. When we promise to do a thing,—do it, when we agree to a certain contract,—stick to it, if we should make a bargain, make it honestly.

And I would say, as soon as we begin to “practice what we preach” the better it will be for us.

Do we ever think of how important it is to be honest in all things? Let us ever be impressed with the fact, of the importance of being honest in our dealings.

Be honest in all things,
Be upright and true,
Be just in all of your dealings,
And God will prosper you.

But, oh, how often this fact is neglected by us! how often even professed christians neglect this important fact? And will say, when reminded if it, “O well, it does not matter, God will not punish me for failing to pay a rich man such a little sum, God will not punish me for failing to meet that little engagement, and I am sure it did not amount to much,

so what harm, has been done by such a little neglect or failing to attend to such a small matter?

But the careful observer would reply
 It is the little wicked deeds which grow
 Into large volume of sin,
 And that will bring eternal woe
 Upon many unthoughtful men.

NOTORIETY IN ITS DIFFERENT FORMS.

A humble christian, I would rather be,
 Free from the eternal curse of sins.
 Than to possess wicked notoriety.
 And worshiped by evil men.

Notoriety, Oh! how many thousands there are to-day who are trying in many ways to gain notoriety. Noted as a preacher, noted as a lawyer, noted as a politician, noted as a teacher, noted as a christian, noted as a mechanic, noted as a prize fighter, noted as a gambler, noted as a robber, and in fact trying to be noted for more things than it would be necessary for me to mention.

But let us not labor for notoriety, but let us labor to do all that we can for the up-building and progressiveness of those things which are good.

Oh! how sad it is to note the fact of so many thousands, who to-day are clamoring for notoriety, who are doing all manner of things to be noted. But let us say to them in words of truth.

I would not for the sake of notoriety,
Against my great God rebel,

And purchase a home of eternal misery,
In the bottomless pits of hell.

When we desire to be noted for certain qualities, we should, first, be mindful of the fact, that to be noted for any quality it should be a good and an upright one.

A father who is noted for his traits of moral and christian character, will be imitated by his son, and his son will become a good man, also. The mother who is noted for her good qualities will be imitated by her daughter, and her daughter will be a good woman, and, so it is with a nation, the leading features of the noted men and women, will be imitated by the people. For whosoever is our ideal, his doctrine will we accept. The young, knows not who their ideal is, and hence they will be led by those who are their seniors.

And what ever the leading features of a city are, we will find the young trying in some way to immitate them

No one is perfectly satisfied at his present station of life, they are always trying to im-

prove and when they have arrived at a very high standard, their desire for improvements are as great as it was when they begun until they have gained notoriety.

We take the fine skilled mechanic and as soon as he has reached the highest standaad of his trade, he proceeds and tries to invent some new idea of working, or some new invention. So we find no one perfectly satisfied with what he is at present.

But let us be mindful of the fact, that to introduce new things, and to improve the present, and to be very genius, creates notoriety. And while we are becoming noted, let us become noted for some very good and industrial accomplishments.

For just what we are noted for, there will be hundreds who will try and be noted for the same.

Rev. Dr. Spurgeon was noted as a divine minister, and to-day thousands of preachers are trying to walk in the path which he trod. George Washington, the father of America, was noted for his bravery as a warrior, for his truthfulness, and for his great labors as an American Statesman. President Abraham Lincoln was noted for the issuing of the proclamation of the emancipation and as the only martyr president. Frederick Douglass is noted for his bravery as an ex-negro slave, and for the good of which he has accomplished as a

Statesman. Shakespeare was noted for his writings. Eddison was noted for being the father of modern inventions and we might name many who were noted for some great deed of good. But deeming it unnecessary we now return to our subject,

NOTORIETY IN ITS DIFFERENT FORMS.

Oh! how sad it is for us to note the fact, that to-day we are surrounded by thousands whose desire of notoriety is so great until they will sacrifice their immortal souls for the sake of notoriety. What is there in notoriety that so many seek for it? what does notoriety bring a man, that he will do so much to obtain it? why do so many people love notoriety? And the man who is striving for good and not notoriety will answer, because the desire of some people are so great for honor and distinction until to be distinguished for some quality, matters not how vicious it might be, is much more preferred than not to be distinguished at all.

Oh! like the poor blind infidel,
Who paves his way to eternal woe,
By denying God and making hell,
His miserable abode for ever more.

Like the man, who to day,
Stands out in rebellion and sin,
And finally leads himself astray,
Trying to be greater than other men.

Oh! let me dear ones, kindly entreat,
 You to be careful while you aim,
 A great fortune in this world, meet,
 By gaining notoriety and fame.

HOW, AND WHAT TO READ.

How many people are there to-day, we will hear saying: "I wish I had somewhere to go or something nice to read." But, here, we would like to ask a question; why, with all of the current literature and good books and papers that are daily published, and are laden with all kind of news, and stories of interest, will you say that you wish you had something good to read? But their reply is: "Oh, well, I mean something exciting, such, as a good novel of a romance, love affair or some thrilling story of a sensational affair."

To-day we will find the home of many of our most cultured people thronged with novels and story-books of which our mothers, who were here during the days of "long ago" would forbid her daughter or son reading them.

The mother of "the long ago" sat with bible in hand; but the mother of now a days sits with fashion magazine, and novels in hand.

While I do not desire to convey the idea to the reader that I deem the reading of fashion magazines and some novels wrong, I do desire to convey the idea, of being careful about what

we are reading and allowing to be brought into our homes.

For the girl whose leisure is spent reading romance love stories, will be a poor house keeper, and will never be able to entertain her guest, with those pure moral and cultured conversations, which is so desirable and appreciated by intellectual friends.

What man, who, after returning from his labors, in the afternoon, cares for his wife to entertain him with the prattle of an old romantic love story? What father desires to be worried by his son telling him of an old detective story? What mother desires to have her daughter's mind led astray by an old exciting story of some love affair? And common sense would answer none.

But read stories, fresh and pure,
Moral, religious and refined,
And they will interest you
And will bring refreshing to your sad mind.

Oh! there is no joy for me, when I can not get to read, something each day, if it is only a news paper or an almanac; but let me tell you, I never read unless I can get a good article to read. And when I say good I mean something which does not contain stories of a tendency to make me worse instead of better.

Each man and woman, girl and boy, who can read, ought to spend their leisure of each day reading of some good book, paper or magazine. We have no time to waste, for each moment of our time is valuable, and should be spent in accomplishing some good. And not trifled, and wasted away by idle and foolish prattling.

Oh! if we could realize the joy in a "still tongue" and a working brain we would give much more of our time to the latter; and would cease the former from doing so much work as we are allowing it to do to-day.

And our neighbors would not be so often in an indifferent mood towards us.

Literature and music, in a neighborhood
Is indeed, a very grand sign

That the community is very good
And the people are intelligent and refined.

So let our homes be filled, indeed
With good books and literature;

That during our leisure we can read
So the old sign may, of us be true.

Our minds are elevated by good and interesting reading. Oh! that the young would read more and better literature, Oh! that the young would be more careful of what they read; Oh! that the young would be so glad of their intellectual opportunity. And above all, may

they find pleasure in reading religious matters especially the reading of the bible.

When we read, let us read those books which contain good stories, those papers that contain news of interest and that will interest us. Oh! that each moment which is so precious to us be spent in laboring for our financial improvement or for the elevating of our mind, religiously, morally, and socially.

Oh! that book we have caste away,
And deemed it too dull for us to read,
Is the very book we read to-day,
Our hungry minds to feed.

Oh, how true it is! and oh! how often we lay aside those books which we should read simply because they do not contain such reading as would gratify our desire. But nevertheless the book is the very instrument we need to help us through this life of snares and evil temptations.

Lay not, that book aside,
But bring it hither to me,
And I will make it, my guide,
For in it, great good I see.

Oh! loan me that book, dear friend,
And I will, its contents read,
For it will comfort to me, lend,
It is the very book I need.

That book of yours which I got
 From you the other day,
 Has taught me that my heart,
 Now desires the just and holy way.

To value the book to you,
 It is worth its weight in gold,
 And indeed, this is not the value due,
 And of it the value I have not told.

That old book, which is so roughly bound,
 And with its contents of the long ago,
 Has brought me to the ground,
 Where I shall dwell for ever more.

For it taught me how to live,
 In this our land below,
 To await the blessings which God'll give,
 When from this world I'll go.

I return this book dear friend. to you,
 With thanks and many wishes, indeed,
 That you will spend only a few,
 Of your leisure moments, this book to read.

LETTERS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Like the crystal brooklets flow
 From a spring pure and clear;
 Words of love freely pour
 From the hearts of lovers dear.

Words of friendship which we impart,
 Are very impressive to some sweet-heart,
 'Though they be only a few,
 But, oh, how sweet, if they are only true.

These letters should receive our most careful attention. We should bear in mind that these letters are links of a chain which shall doubtless connect two together, to share the trouble and joy of a life time.

In writing letters of friendship never use exaggerating terms, be truthful, for the friend takes it for granted that all the letter contains are true. So let not your friend be deceived by exaggeration.

The composing and writing of a letter of friendship should be done with great care and a friendly feeling.

For no one can write well on any subject of which they have no sympathy for nor interest in. And so often, it is, we hear some people complain of writing to a friend, and do not know what to write. Surely if we have a friend or one whom we deem a friend, we are always able to entertain them, when in our presence with some friendly prattle. This being true, it seems very reasonable that we can at most any time compose and write a letter of friendship which will be appreciated by our friends.

Letters of friendship and courtship should be composed of plain, simple, and emphatic truths. When I say plain, I mean clearly, so.

that the friend may not conceive an idea of which you do not intend to convey; simple, in a way, though intelligent, yet so simple as your friend may be able to understand readily what you desire them to do in regard of your sympathy for them; emphatic, emphasize what you write a friend in the way of making them feel that you are a friend, and so that the rays of your love may brightly beam throughout the expressions of your love letter.

Never write to any one telling them that you love them unless you do love them. Never make a practice of scolding a friend in your letters of friendship; For scolding in this way only has the tendency of making your friend regard you as an unpleasant person and will doubtless diminish his or her love for you. To reprove a friend of his or her way of coolness towards you, do so, in a very pleasant and dignifying manner; by writing to the point, in terms of truth and exactness; so your friend may be able to at once correct the error of which you desire them to.

When writing a letter of friendship, never write so the friend may have the misconception of you, and anticipate a future, filled with the pleasures of this world, when you will not be able to comply with their anticipation. Oh! to-day, it is sad, very sad, indeed, to call to mind the number of unhappy marriages caused by misconception of the couple. Never let

your love letters contain any expression or sentence which may have the tendency of making your friend believe that your financial circumstances are what they are not. Be plain, true and affectionate, in your love letters and there will be a happy future for you after marriage.

Happy are our future days
 When love has been our guide,
 And led us in its own sweet ways
 And made us groom and bride.

ETHIOPIA IS ARISING.

"Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hand"
 And as a nation she will stand,
 In the ranks of governing power,
 Ethiopia to men, no more shall bow,
 But great as a nation she will be,
 When she shall no longer bow her knee,
 Submissive to ignorance and oppression,
 But shall pursue the course of race progression.

Ethiopia is a rising : to fall no more,
 The sound is heard from shore to shore,
 The echoes ring from country and town,
 Ethiopia! Ethiopia! is gaining ground,
 The nations stand and hear the cry,
 Of Ethiopia's success and they ask why,
 Ethiopia is rising up so fast?
 Because she labors for the present, regardless
 of the past.

Ethiopia! is arising is arising to-day,
 She has wiped her tears of sorrow away,

And no more will she sit and grieve,
Of what respect, she does receive
From the hands of other men,
But she is ready now to win,
The respect of nations, great and small,
For Ethiopia is arising never more to fall.

Her dark days has passed and gone,
And no more, does she stand alone;
In this world, where she must share,
The troubles and joy of a world of care,
Yet let us never silently sleep,
For the hills high and valley deep;
And if we should carelessly fall,
There will be danger of rising no more at all.

Ethiopia! is arising, let her banner wave,
Because for her thousands of soldiers sleepeth
 in the grave,
Who fell prostrate to rise no more,
Till day should brake on the eternal shore,
Where angels welcomed them through the
 gate,
And their souls this day, do a wait,
To hear the cry, from shore to shore,
Ethiopia! is arising! to fall no more.

Though in the bonds of the slavery chain,
Ethiopia, for years did remain,
Till the chain was broken a loose,
And all the south proclaimed the truth;
That Ethiopia should for ever be,
From the bonds of slavery, free,
And the ex-slave masters stand and cry,
Ethiopia! is arising, and her claim shall never
die.

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